

**No. 4 INITIAL TRAINING SCHOOL
ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE
EDMONTON, ALBERTA**

Congratulations

are extended to

AIR VICE-MARSHALL G. R. HOWSAM, M.C.,

Air Officer Commanding No. 4 Training Command,
on his promotion from Air Commodore.

NOT in Peel 3 (but see #6826)

48p.



Christmas and New Year's Greetings
1942-43

No. 4 INITIAL TRAINING SCHOOL

Royal Canadian Air Force



EDMONTON, ALBERTA

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WING COMMANDER J. A. HUTCHISON
Commanding Officer No. 4 I.T.S.

LAC E. E. BISHOP
Associate Editor

F/SGT J. A. LYNES
Associate Editor

LAC J. O. BLICK
Editor

A MESSAGE FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER...

"ALL FOR ONE, ONE FOR ALL"



The publication of the No. 4 Initial Training School, Christmas number, suitably marks another milestone for the Unit. It is a brief history of the Station since the publication of the Anniversary issue on June 21st, 1942.

No. 4 I.T.S. exists solely to provide initial training to I.T.S. Aircrew. The degree of success attained may be gauged by the developed ability and general quality of the graduates, and by the efficiency of each section of the School. Let that be the yardstick for each of us to apply to our individual efforts, to the end that regular self-examination may show where continued improvement is possible.

To all Headquarters personnel I wish to express my appreciation for your individual efforts and for the team spirit that has been so evident. Your work is utterly important in the production of Aircrew—keep it up.

Aircrew trainees, No. 4 I.T.S. is proud of you. Everyone derives a deep and lasting satisfaction in being associated with your training. You are destined to be fighting men and you will always remember that it is not the size of the man, but the size of the fight in him, that counts. Work hard and play hard that you may be able and fit in your eventual duty.

Best wishes and the Season's Greetings!



W/C J. A. HUTCHISON,
Commanding Officer
No. 4 I.T.S.



WING COMMANDER J. A. HUTCHISON
Commanding Officer, No. 4 I.T.S.



F/L J. G. WHEELER



F/L K. S. LANGFELDT

"THREE OF A KIND"

A CUP of coffee in one hand, the telephone receiver in the other, blue smoke rising from a half-lit cigar, might best describe our former New York executive, F/L J. G. Wheeler. He can simultaneously carry on a conversation over the telephone, give directions to a waiting airman, write his own signature, smoke a cigar—and still be "compos mentis". No matter how much work has piled up, or is piling up, our genial A.O. has time for everything and anybody.

As senior Administrative Officer on the station he has charge of Works and Building, Messing, Barracks, Service Institutes, Motor Transport, etc., etc.

He was the driving force behind the editorial staff of the Christmas Annual, giving them every assistance and shouldering all responsibilities.

In the same category and separated only by the quiet of the C.O.'s office may be found F/L K. S. Langfeldt. If you should wonder why Adjutants get gray, just sit down for a short time in his office and take note of what goes on. Never were there so many interruptions by so many people in such a short time. Just let the Adjutant decide it's time to dictate a few letters to a patiently waiting stenographer, and a line of expectant faces forms outside the door. An officer is sure a mistake has been made in the Duty Watch Roster, or else he wants a stand-in; an N.C.O. optimistically suggests that perhaps his temporary rank has come through; a restless airman desires to remuster to aircrew, or a trainee seeks transportation to Trenton.

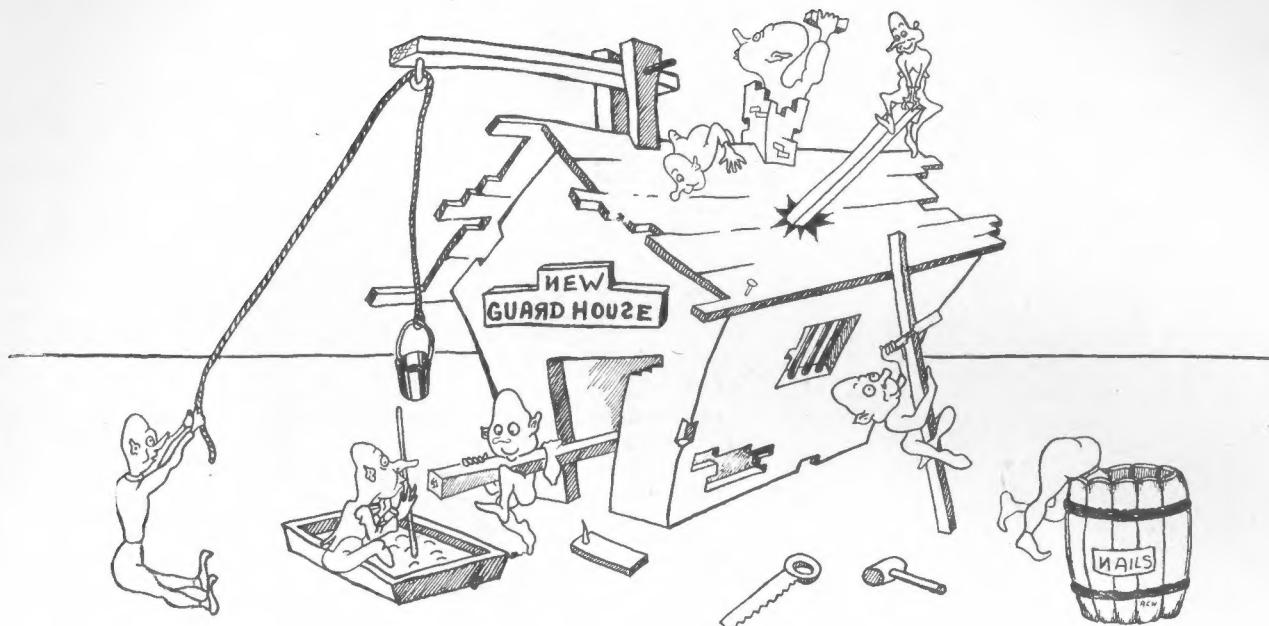
"These all in sweet confusion sought his aid,
And filled each pause the Adjutant had made."



W/O2 C. G. MAYNE

Forming the perfect triangle on the third floor is our Station Sgt.-Major, WO2 "Bob" Mayne. Over a cup of coffee in the canteen he will tell you his troubles of a coming social—the details of the Duty Watch; who is going on the "carpet", or what a "lousy" score he made at bowling.

Our S.S.M. has taken an active part in Station activities, twice "coping" the rugby ball throw, doing a bit of skeet shooting, badminton, tennis, and turning in a good score at golf.



F/O W. B. CROSSING

WORKS and BUILDINGS

ONE of the most important sections on the station—at least the busiest, is the Works and Building. We may find them in the varied tasks of building a Commando Course, repairing mains, or electric irons and even planting geraniums.

In charge of the W. & B. is the dynamic F/O Crossing, who is ably assisted by Cpl Hungar. We also have on the staff LAC's Shepard and Hepburn (carpenters); LAC's Bastian and Robinson (plumbers); LAC Robinson, W. T. (electrician); and LAC's Kilarski, Freeman, Wickins and Leptumuk, G.D's.

Although our work with the W. & B. has been long and varied it has been very interesting. What we have accomplished in landscape gardening and larger jobs has been due in no small way to the help given by the Trainees.



CPL G. HUNGAR



F/L W. McCLEAN



F/L J. J. McGARRY

OUR PADRES

WAR is something we abhor and would, if possible, avoid. Because of war, this Christmas season finds our men far from their homes; gathered in barracks and camp; sailing the seven seas; guarding our many coast-lines within the Empire or winging their way through the ranges and reaches of the pathless heavens. To such men padres are sent—messengers of the gospel of peace.

The work of the padre covers a wide field. He deals with human beings. He faces human problems. He seeks to guide men to Christian faith and ideals. In his work there is no room for condemnation unless it be self-condemnation. Neither should there be anything in the nature of compromise. The work is a great work.

The padre holds the King's Commission and wears the King's uniform. Therefore he is to the men the King's representative. It is with patriotic pride that he should face his task—and at all times carry himself in such a manner as to inspire patriotism in those around. The intensification and strengthening of national pride and patriotic fervour is a phase of a padre's work that justifies his presence amongst military men.

How wise the padre must be! He must be able to strike the balance between the official mind and the human need. Men should feel that in their padre they have one to whom they can come with their problems and that such problems will be dealt with sympathetically and confidentially. The work in this respect often takes on the nature of social service work. Mental, moral, family, social, religious and spiritual problems make up the complex but highly interesting aspects of this phase of the padre's work.

But the padre is the representative of the Prince of Peace. Peace! What a strange word! It is almost alien, obsolete. What strange meanings are conjured by that word! To many it conveys the idea of life as a state of self-indulgence of slothfulness, where there are no conflicts and no challenge and no responsibility. To some it suggests the ideas of complacency and compromise—a contentment with existing conditions. Let sleeping dogs lie! We know the devil we serve. We don't know what the devil will happen if we refuse to accept things as they are. Peace at any price! The Christian concept of peace is vastly different. It reconciles men to God; creates harmony between men and nations, dispenses social justice and imposes righteous principles upon all classes and nations. Here is a state where human life is precious; where human responsibility is great and where human beings are challenged to give their utmost. The Strong Son of God sought to bring peace on earth. The Cross was the cost. Strong, brave sons of men cannot be content with anything less than Christian peace. The cost will be great but how great the reward! A large and wide Dominion at peace. Men and women fearlessly facing up to life's duties, building for themselves and the future a strong life, a noble and righteous way of life garrisoned by the peace of God which passeth all understanding.

This is the word I would pass on to all the officers and men of Number 4 Initial Training School. It is my wish for you and my hope for our Nation and Empire. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth—Peace."

STATION LIBRARY

AFTER a long day's hard work in classroom and on the parade ground a lad needs some relaxation.

One form of relaxation provided on our Station is through the medium of books and magazines. In the quiet and comfort of our splendid reading room you can relax and enjoy the current issues of seventeen of the best in the magazine world. Included in the seventeen are magazines that deal with aviation and kindred subjects.

The library, which is situated next to the reading room, contains a wide selection of books. There are reference books on subjects pertaining to aircrew work. These are expensive books provided to supplement the students' knowledge received in the classroom and are issued to borrowers on loan for twenty-four hours. Those who are keen on their studies are urged to avail themselves of these books.

There is an extensive range of books of a general nature provided to suit the varied minds of the personnel of the Station. Books for relaxation, information, inspiration, exhortation. If you are an amateur sleuth we have Conan's Classics and others from which to draw. Are you of a romantic turn of mind? Romance lingers in the library. Or perhaps you are an armchair strategist! You can improve your strategy by reading Napoleon, Stalin, etc. Most young lads are of heroic minds and itching feet. Great men and gypsies find a common level and resting place on our shelves. Don't let them rest there too long. Biographical and historical and geographical books are in abundance and are well worth reading. You can conduct yourself on a Cook's tour round the world and it won't cost you a cent unless you lose the book. The book is your passport to other



lands, the magic carpet that conducts you there; and the argument that convinces you that Canada is a jolly good place in which to live. If you have a mind that digs and delves there are a few books on anthropology, psychology and philosophy that should somewhat meet your need. These books are for all personnel on the Station and are issued on loan for seven days.

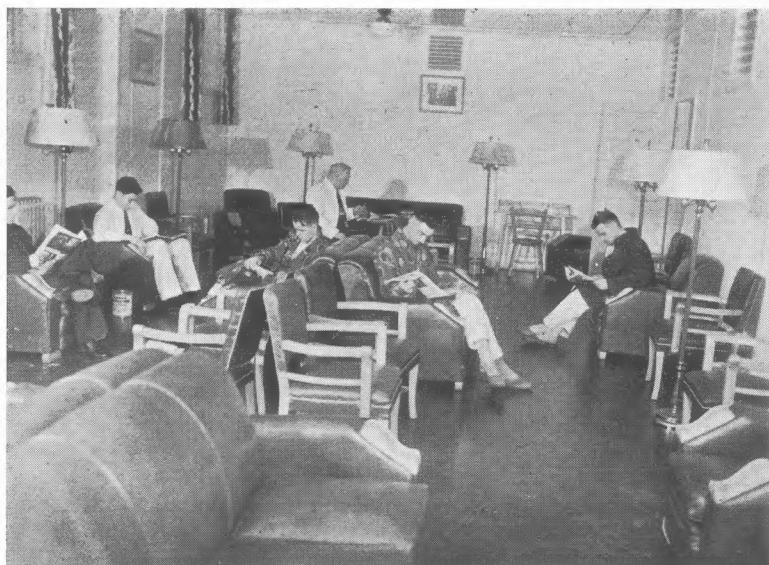
The Library Committee functions for the purpose of making our Station Library the best among Military Units in Edmonton but chiefly to provide the best reading material that is possible. Helpful suggestions will be welcomed. There are about twelve hundred books on the shelves. Some of them are old; some classical and modern publications are added to our stock from time to time. Through our Station membership in the Book of the Month Club the very best of the new books will now be available to us immediately on publication. The Committee commends the use of the Library and Reading Room facilities and extends to all the personnel No. 4 I.T.S. the compliments of the season.

HAPPY LANDINGS AND HAPPY READING.

VICTORY LOAN

Just how confident they are in the cause is well expressed in the record of No. 4 I.T.S. in the Third Victory Loan.

Three hundred and thirty individuals on the station subscribed \$25,300.00—an increase of two hundred percent over the Second Victory Loan. This showing could not have been made, had it not been for the earnest endeavor of each man on the station.



MEDICAL SELECTION BOARD



S/L C. F. BURT

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THE Medical Selection Board has been looked upon by countless Airmen as an ogre-like collection of machines, medicos and technicians, to be overcome on entering I.T.S. As the new Trainee descends the steps to the M.S.B. his spirit sinks to the lowest depths. In most cases their fears are unfounded, as casualties are few. They finally leave, elated at the pronouncement they are sound in mind and body, and free to seek their wings.

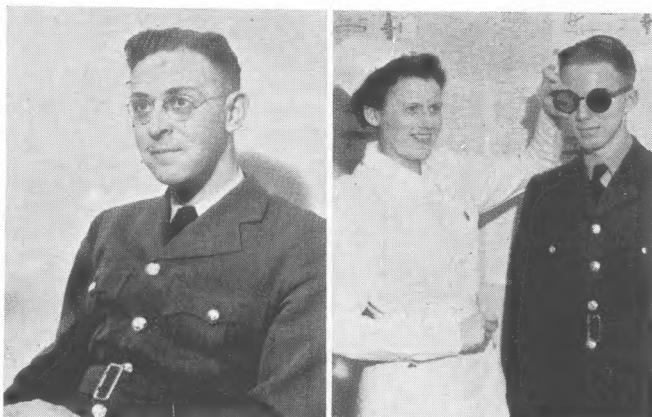
On entering the M.S.B., the Airman is greeted by the first order—"take off all your clothes, lad," which adds to his already shrunken self-confidence. He is then weighed and measured for comparison with the same findings on enlistment, to make sure he complies with standards for accommodation in aircraft. He is handed a bottle, and in a voice reminiscent of pre gas-rationing days, the attendant says, "Fill 'er up." The Airman is then told to sit down and take it easy!!—until he is called.

Soon a long, lean individual in a white coat and a funny mirror-like gadget about his head hollers through the open door—"O.K., lad, in here—read these numbers—quickly lad, we haven't got all day." The black pages with the multi-colored dots dance and jump before the Airman's eyes—teasing the would-be flyer to fit them into a readable

pattern. It doesn't last long however, and the Airman is led into a dark room—and is it dark. The same man in the white coat, whom an attendant called F/L Alexander—peers into the Airman's ears, nose and throat—sticks gadgets in front of his eyes until he sees double, then single, then not at all—finally with a slap on the back as he gropes for the door the M.O. says: "You'll do."

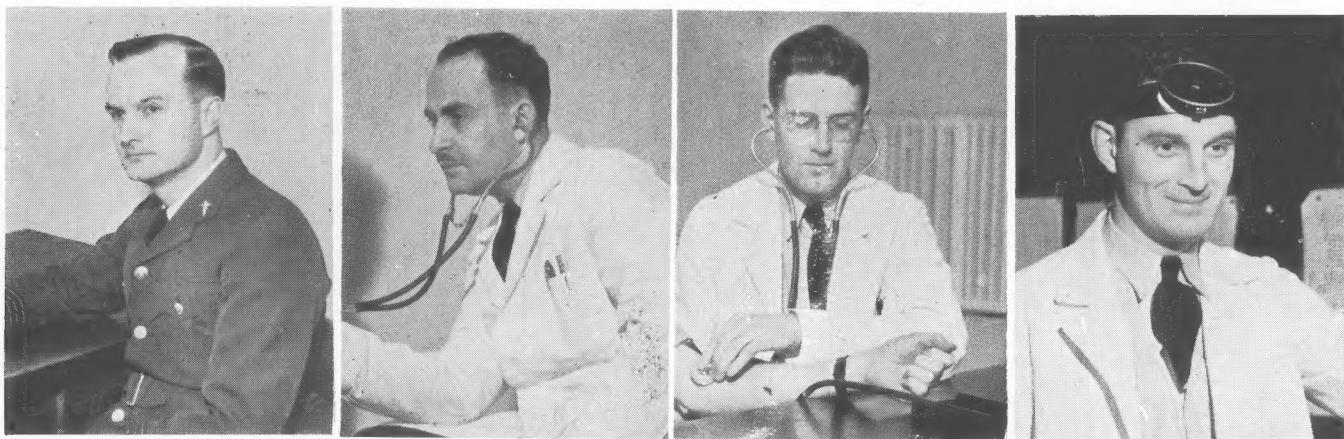
Again the attendant, a friendly sort of fellow, called Mohr, tells the nerve shattered candidate to sit down and relax!

Soon another white-coated M.O. appears and bids the Airman to follow to another room. Question



P/O J. E. MOORE

MISS M. ELLIOT



S/L R. M. CLARE

F/L S. A. CARLEN

F/L G. I. BELL

F/L W. ALEXANDER



AN AIRMAN'S DREAM



upon question—"when did you start to walk,—to talk,—to swear,—to fight? When did you quit wetting the bed (how in h—— can I remember?)—are you right or left handed?—and so they go. The M.O. then hammers the Airman's knees, tickles his feet—pounds his chest—listens to his heart, tells him to bend here, stretch there and do everything but wiggle his ears. The M.O. then says: "Now just sit down here, take a couple deep breaths, and blow the mercury up to 40—hold it as long as you can. There's nothing hard about it, I can do it myself" (but he never does). The Airman huffs and he puffs and then blows into the mouthpiece. His cheeks ache, his eyes bulge, his hands tremble until at last the M.O. says: "That will do."

The Airman is permitted to regain a vestige of his self-confidence by donning his clothes again. Away he is led down the hall—to another room where Sgt. Potvin and a Corps of assistants greet the wary candidate. Wiring him for sound they stick wires in his hair and bands on his hands and feet—and without much reassurance say: "Just to test your brain and heart." When the test is done, the attendant sends the Airman on his way for a ride in the low pressure chamber.

F/O Moore then puts on his oxygen mask and, to the near exhausted candidate, says: "You won't need one." Up and up they go until the Airman feels a little giddy and is glad of the word to hook up his oxygen. Down again and, surprisingly, nothing very awful happened.

About ready to give up, the Airman is led to the last post—where lo and behold a kindly lady with a pleasant smile and a nice voice bids the weary traveller to sit down. After a half hour rest which proves to be period of adjustment—the tests go on—lights on—lights off—"write down what you see"—and little or nothing appears. And then it's over—no more tests—just waiting.

The M.O.'s huddle—papers pass from hand to hand—heads shake—and eventually the Airman is declared fit to carry on his studies in Aircrew. His spirits soar as he leaves the mythical ogre of the M.S.B.—and as he rejoins his pals he exclaims, "Say, that wasn't so tough."

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Feminine pulchritude graces our halls and corridors—being the "over-worked" stenographic staff of No. 4 I.T.S. Pounding out the Orders for the Day; keeping records; writing innumerable letters, and bringing that undefinable "touch" to any efficient office—seems to sum up briefly the work of our staff of pretty stenos.



So the M.S.B. fulfills its function of categorization and education of fledgling fliers. With one and all go our best wishes and God Speed.



CAPT. E. M. GALBRAITH



CONGRATULATIONS DR. GALBRAITH!!



SGT. E. LEES

DENTAL

OUR task is not so much to "keep 'Em Flying" as it is to improve the defective and inadequate oral conditions of our potential aircrew.

No. 14 Clinic, No. 40 Coy., C.D.C., became an integral part of No. 4 I.T.S. in August, 1941. This followed a temporary attachment to the original Radio Tech (U.T.) course at the University of Alberta.

As the school expanded and developed the need of more dental accommodation was soon apparent and in the spring of 1942 our staff was increased.

Captain R. S. Decker ("Bull's Eye Bob") replaced Captain Duke and has become well established in the Clinic. Sgt. Morgan now handles the office routine. Cpl. Kerr completes the staff of the two operating detachments. Sgt. Lees is in charge of the Lab. Section and is assisted by Sgt. Thompson and Cpl. Irvine.

During their stay at I.T.S. Trainees and staff invariably relax in the private chair of Captain Galbraith who takes charge of the simplest molar, or the delicate probing for hidden nerves. Capt. Galbraith besides keeping the Dental Section running smoothly has led in many a sing-song at the Normal broadcasts, and is one of the popular figures about the Station.



CAPT. R. S. DECKER



STATION HOSPITAL

SICKNESS on the station is still being kept at a minimum, and we hope will remain that way. Despite this the hospital remains a busy spot, what with inoculation parades, inspection parades, sick parades in the morning and sick parades in the evening, colds and athletes foot, requests for Attend B's and requests for sick leave, new shoes and what not. The day before a route march we are especially honoured by an excellent attendance.

One of our rooms is now set aside as a recreation room, kindly furnished by the Auxiliary Service, the



STATION HOSPITAL STAFF



S/L M. R. HELLIWELL



F/L N. GOLUBOFF



F/O L. E. S. DAWSON



P/O M. J. BAXTER

Knights of Columbus, with chesterfields, lamps, easy chairs and a radio. It is much used by up-patients and is a definitely appreciated spot.

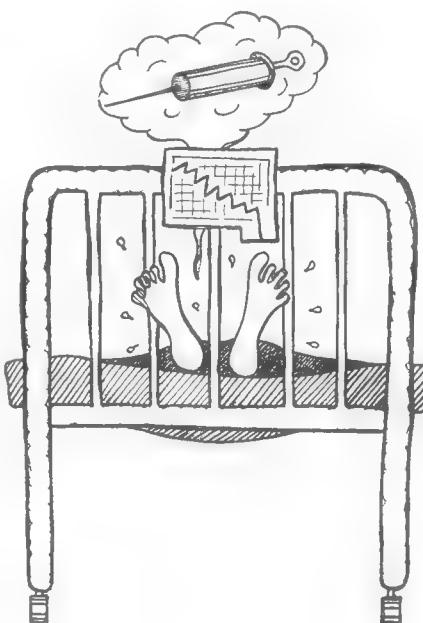
Our former "Skipper" S/L Latchford left us September 18, having been S.M.O. for over a year. He did an excellent job and we all wish him the best of luck at his new station No. 1 Manning Depot, in Toronto, his home town.

The new S.M.O. S/L Helliwell arrived from Manning Depot, Toronto, and also hails from Ontario where he practised for many years. He wears the coveted R.C.A.F. wings—rare for the usually grounded M.O.'s.

F/L Goluboff is still with us as assistant to the S.M.O. and hoping to get overseas. He spent some time this summer at No. 3 Manning and No. 2 A.O.S.

The Dispensary is governed by Sgt. McDonald. The new wardmaster is Sgt. Graham—Scotch and jovial, with accent and all. The remainder of the staff are: Cpl Wall, LAC's "Jimmie" Dunn, Mott, Lefebvre, Mish and AC2 Manary.

Our parting words are . . . "Keep healthy, but don't neglect to visit us when you are sick."



A CHAT WITH TRAINEES

By the C.G.I.

ONE of the most important steps to success in this or any service is the development of the proper frame of mind. Why did you enlist in the Air Force?—to further your own interests?—because you liked the uniform?—because you felt that promotion was more rapid in this branch of the service?—or did you enlist with the patriotic motive of contributing your services to help win this war? Unless each one of you is willing to give everything—yes even life itself if necessary—you cannot hope to obtain victory.

If you will review the history of those who have already distinguished themselves, you will find that devotion to duty is of paramount importance to them. They did not stop to quibble about their preferred category, but they got on with the job at hand and gave it all they had.

So often, at the completion of a course, an airman comes to me and states that he feels he cannot serve best in the category in which he was placed, because his interest does not lie there. There are thousands of us whose interests lie in taking a more active part in the war effort, but we are doing the job to which we are assigned, to the best of our ability. From this experience we know that anyone, if they will put their mind to it, can make a success of work which is not entirely to their liking.

You are carefully categorized to fill the position in aircrew where you are required and for which you are qualified. Be guided by the officers who categorize you. They make the selection after considering all angles, while you, naturally, are interested from your own point of view.

A friend of mine, who has returned from overseas with a D.F.C., was discussing with me various officers and airmen who passed through I.T.S., and who have since received decorations. We discovered that, almost without exception, each one stood high in his class throughout his course. Each had thoroughly prepared himself to meet any situation when the occasion arose.

Your training is prepared to fit you for the job you will have to do. There is nothing superfluous. You will need every bit of instruction if you are to be qualified. You cannot afford to miss any of it. Remember that any one who is partially trained stands a poor chance when he meets the enemy. All of your instructors are fully qualified to teach in their respective subjects. They have your interests at heart and devote their time toward preparing you for the next phase of your course.

Perfection can only be obtained by long hours of hard work. Anything which is worth doing, is worth doing well. Knowing why makes doing easier. Work hard and, at the proper time, play hard. You will meet with discouragement and disappointment—the road is not easy. Learn to overcome difficulties which appear to be insurmountable, in order that you may attain the desired recognition meted out to those who are deserving. Prepare yourself thoroughly. Don't be satisfied with half measures. You must be better than your opposite number if you are to survive.

You are carefully selected—your physical standard is the highest—your education and family background are of the best,—see to it then that you are prepared to uphold the glorious traditions and the splendid reputation set by your predecessors.



S/L G. MILSOM

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SGT. F. R. WETHERALL
SGT. H. J. BELL
CPL. C. T. FARVOLDEN

Sgt. Bell—The eastern sophist, who like Diogenes with his lamp, goes searching in dark corners, but not for an honest man—nor for a man of any sort. If challenged he will quickly divert attention by swift questioning: "Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?" "What is the way of a serpent upon a rock?" Answer quickly or you will be deluged in words by an acid adder, who never uses one word where twenty will do.

Sgt. Wetherall—Under that rugged exterior lies a keen wit. An acknowledged master of C.A.P. 90 he is a true dilettant of drill. Something of an iconoclast he bathes the section in smiles, and the air of the country blows about him.

ARMAMENT

THE turbulent atmosphere of the Armament Section is due not to inefficiency or even to temperamental genius at work, but to the frantic efforts of despairing students to learn in the last few fleeting moments, the intricacies of the Browning, which they had so assiduously neglected during the course. Their hoarse, desperate cries, the rays of the early morning sun glinting from the spectacles of the imperturbable instructors present a pleasing picture of industry. Let us hope that those who wander in the nether region (the basement) glance in, approvingly, and don't find occasion to mutter: "The mountain laboured and brought forth a mouse".

Here in the midst of toil and travail we find the following individuals to wit—

AC1 Roberts, the young Lochinvar, whose interest in the gardens is prompted by his keenness for horticulture or is it "physiculture"? The circles under his eyes are due entirely to worrying over trade tests and in no small measure to interminable counting of ammunition and round black skeet birds which brings on a condition known as counter's palsy.

LAC Roddick a prominent udder strangler and chicken fancier, who has a keen eye for clucks. A hardy sod of the soil, his experience at battling the elements has given him a versatility which enables him to perform prodigious feats with the tools of the armament trade, namely, nails, wire, 2", 3", and 4" and wire, common baling.

Cpl. Jackson whose taciturnity and lack of spectacles immediately brings suspicion on his head. Is he that foul, fierce secret agent for whom the police of half the world are searching? Does he print those pamphlets furtively distributed by ragged urchins on the street corners? Watch this man! Will he put Lewisite in the gas chamber?

Cpl. Farvolden, the addled Adler, the section sage, brush philosopher, whose modest and unassuming manner endears him to all. His many-faced personality makes him an authority on innumerable subjects and not the least of these is his unquestioned poetical genius. After much persuasion he submitted this, his masterpiece, which will surely place him in the top rank of men of letters. The immortal Bard must shudder in his shroud!

"Revelation of an Enigma"
The gizzly bear so fierce and wild
Has eaten up the infant child.
The infant child is not aware,
That it has been eaten by the bear.



ON THE RANGE!



LOG COURSE 60



No. 3 SQUADRON

Date August 15th to October 10th

Pilot Flight Lieutenant J. R. Fournier

Route and Orders No. 4 I.T.S., R.C.A.F. — Pembina Drill Hall — Normal School — bomb target at FINALS.
Return to new bases — Next Schools.

Aeroplane — Course 60

Crew — Flying Officer Kaye, Flying Officer Boyd

Date	Position	Observations	Remarks
15-8-42	Pembina Hall	110 Rookies from Macleod and No. 3 M.D. — amazed at title shower-rooms.	What are they making us? — Night Fighters? Or is that a fire bell?
First Week	Drill Hall	Check violins with Station barber, rough air encountered when Station W'O and discip. saw brass. W'V checked by multiple drift (3 right dresses) S'C for Normal School. Varying weather — C.O.'s welcome, M.O.'s nose drops, stores, issuing of I.T.S. Bible — C.A.P. 12.	And Manning Depot was supposed to be the last of drill!!! No girl friend to carry the new school bag home. All we need now is an apple for the teacher.
	Embarrassing	7 points in Track Meet.	Delete from log.
Second Week	Up in the Air	Engine trouble discovered by M.S.B. — Five men gone East. Attacked by foreign aircraft called "Links".	Ain't Science Wonderful? 25,000 ft. up without leaving the ground. Came through engagement with losses unknown.
Third Week	Third Church Parade	Gas Attack. Bearing on Midterms TOO TRUE — 4 days distance. Kept track straight for 3rd Sat. night — Damit!	Anti-Gas-Exam clothing No. 2, supplied by Armament Section proves successful.
Fourth Week	In the Heart of Midterms	Variation — U. of A. Coeds. Deviation — more midterms. First encounter with new secret weapon — "The Browning Gun." Math. & Nav. Midterms Took bearing on Coeds in spite of tests.	Temperature rising. Meteorlogical conditions studied and recorded. New Weapon causes considerable panic.
Fifth Week	Davis Wing Third Lecture	Pressure increasing as target neared. True Air Speed Increases when Flying Officer Kaye leads Squadron. Course 60, scores over 40 points.	Suits Aircrew cause backache on part of C.O. — He has to inspect shoes more carefully! Aldis signals received but code undecipherable.
Week	2nd Track Meet	Course 60 softball team defeats Station nine.	Heavily armoured Tug-o-War Team beats off all assailants. Flight Lieutenant Fournier is pleased.
Sixth Week	Approaching Target	Heavy flack encountered from all education departments.	Anti-Browning Gun device proven worthy. Course 60 is first to apply antidote to this weapon.
	Asleep in Auditorium	Mathematics BOMBED. Enemy aircraft approaching.	Flying Officer Boyd's clay pigeons indicate lack of A'G material in Squadron. So's the A'C Rec. Exam!
Seventh Week	Over target flying low	Airmanship pinpointed.	Unfair pinpoint! Davis Wing and F.L. Fournier's first solo no-where in sight.
	Enemy Airdrome Back on Target for Second Rush	Aircraft recognized and demolished. W'T and Aldis breakdowns result in unexpected losses. Navigation fog lifts.	What "Esprit de Corps." Russians may be our Allies but its not fair to send us their lingo on the lamp. But not before over 30 crash.
Eighth Week	Verging on a Breakdown (In more than one way)	Wait for reconnaissance planes to estimate damage. Bearings taken on "Barn" somewhat hazy.	What a slaughter! Enough said.

CONCLUSION

Those who arrived safely home, thanks to the Pilot and Crew, were 46 Pilots, 3 Observers, 18 Air-bombers, 20 Navigators, 5 W.A.G.'s and 9 A.G. Several were treated for shock and exposure.

Frank Ballachey and Harold Pawson.

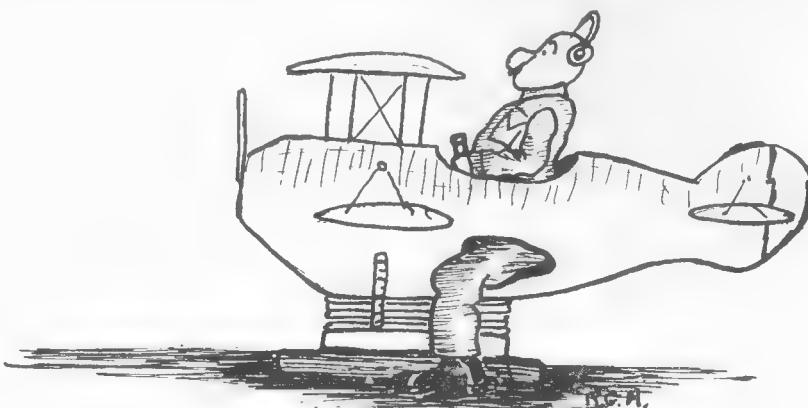


F/L J. H. MORRIS
F/O T. S. BYRNE
F/O M. J. V. DOWNEY
F/O H. H. GRANTHAM

LINK

THE negative quantity—the “bane” of all Trainees—is their Link Training. Exactly on the hour or half-hour the Trainee reports to his Link officer, for an imaginary flight. In the model aircraft which complies in every way to the handling of an aircraft the Trainee goes aloft, does his exercises, and in half an hour comes in for a landing.

In the Link Trainer the glories and thrills of a pilot are born. When the Trainee is told to bank, dive or climb, his reactions or lack of them, give him the impression of a flight at 4,000 ft., with the whistle of the wind in his struts, and the orderly pattern of the fields losing themselves in the distance.



Beating the "Link."

O.C. of the Link Section is F/L J. H. Morris, known as “Army” to all. He left the R.M.C. in the spring of 1917 to join the R.F.C. In civilian life he followed the oil business and spent two years in South America looking for “liquid gold”. He joined the R.C.A.F. in 1940.

F/O Rippon—“Rip” to everybody—was with the Coastal Command during the first war. Rejoined the R.C.A.F. in 1941.

F/O Watson.—Was a school teacher before joining up, and is now looking for ways and means of getting into aircrew.

F/O Grantham.—He received his M.A. degree and taught school in Vancouver. At present his chief aim is Navigation Instructor.

F/O Meiklejohn.—Hails from Calgary school instructional staff. A real story teller.

F/O Byrne.—Another school teacher, and from Chilliwack. Takes great pleasure in supplying phone numbers.

F/O Downey.—Edmonton is his home, is proud of it and enjoys his work.

Our maintenance crew headed by Sgt. Scott works all hours, keeping the Link Trainers flying. Any time of the day you may find LAC Price busy repairing Links, lighters, etc., or doing sign-card writing. Our plump and jovial Marshall is always “fast on the pick-up”. Tall, dark, and otherwise might best describe our No. 1 track man LAC Ossie. If you are looking for LAC Garrett—you will always find him.



F/O J. P. WATSON



F/O E. S. RIPPON

No. 4 SQUADRON



ON PARADE

COURSE 61

WE CAME—We saw—We conquered” might be said of Course 61. With the advent of fall came some hundred odd airmen who were to form “61”. They settled down in Assiniboia Hall in preparation for an eight weeks’ course at No. 4 I.T.S. Most of the boys had come from No. 3 Manning, being members of the “notorious” Precision Squad. The remainder represented most of the stations in central and Western Canada.

All too soon the eighth week had rolled around. As must come to all airmen came the “Breakdown”. Course 61 was broken and divided into pilots, bombers, navigators, and gunners, they going their separate ways in the serious business of winning the war.

No. 4 Squadron was fortunate in its complement of officers. F/L. Paterson, O.C. of the squadron was found by one and all to be understanding and sympathetic, looking after his men in fine style. F/O Campbell, S.F.O., and F/O Agnew, D.C.M., conscientiously tried and succeeded in keeping the squadron “On the bit”. The squadron Sgt. Major, Sgt. Smith was about the best N.C.O. on the station, and “we don’t mean maybe”. About half-way through the course he developed stomach trouble, and was confined to the hospital for a few weeks. During his absence Cpl. Brown acted as Sgt. Major.

At No. 4 I.T.S. we recall the early morning inspections, the crowded noon hours, the grand quarters, and the excellent mess hall. There was the infernal wait to use the phone, the odd route march, and the equipment used by the M.S.B. All these combined to form a reminiscent background at I.T.S.

Highlights of the course was a Gymkhana on the South Side, sponsored for airmen and their friends. It was a huge success, judging by the turnout of airmen. We formed the guard of honour for the visiting aircrew, newly arrived from operations overseas. The lowlight

was the losing of the coveted Sport’s trophy, which had been held by the squadron for four successive meets - “Oh unhappy day!”.

The last week on the station was a nerve-racking one for all members of the course, each trying vainly to find what the fates held in store. The truth was finally out. Loud were the cheers as pilots and bombers prepared for 10 days’ leave. Navigators packed up for No. 2 A.O.S.

The “wind-up” party was a formal dance held in the Gym on Friday, October 23rd. Supervising proceedings was “Happy” Holman. Joe Martullo directed the



band in true maestro style, only to be outshone by F/O Agnew in the band leading contest. Muir and Mac-Gregor served the punch without the “punch”.

Course 61 has gone, but will always have fond memories of I.T.S., and hope that we will not be forgotten. More will be heard from “61” for I know we will plot a true course and Hitler will be on track when the order comes thru’ “Bombs Away”.

SIGNALS SECTION



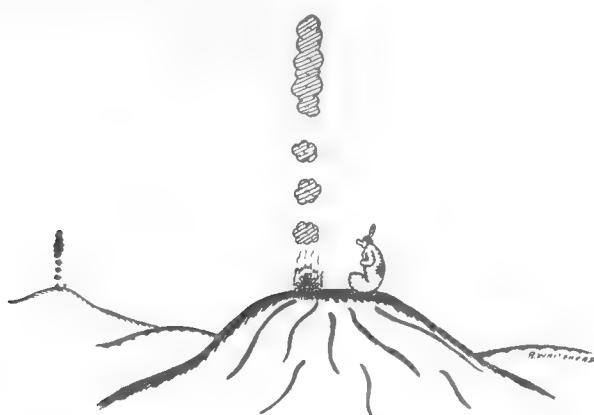
P/O C. E. J. KEHOE

It really takes a lot to sit day after day pounding a key, but when the same instructors run a section as smoothly and efficiently as ours and retain their good humor, that is something. Our pen pals have submitted the following:

P/O C. E. J. Kehoe is the officer in charge of this section and has now been with us for two months.



SGT. J. COX



Cpl. T. A. Cahoon. "Tommy" is the veteran of the Signals Section at the School, and a good hockey player.

Cpl. R. Bray. "Tiny" was transferred overseas in the first W.O.G. draft to leave the Dominion. Served two years in England, and gained valuable experience with various squadrons in his particular trade.

Cpl. A. A. Hughson served as a W.O.G. on air operations. Total logged hours approximately 1500 hours.

It is the purpose of the Signal Section to not only maintain but to improve upon the standard that the Morse students have already set.



CPL. R. BRAY

CPL. T. A. CAHOON

CPL. A. A. HUGHSON



TAKING ALDIS



manslaughter. "N" Flight contributed the greatest number of Air Gunners; while "O" Flight proved its hardness by **not** murdering Jo-Jo. This same Flight brought forth "Duty-Watch" Herbert (Beverly, no less!), a man who is unflinchingly determined to commit matrimony.

Incidentally, despite rumors to the contrary, Athabasca Hall was **not** haunted—that ubiquitous, screaming Presence was merely AC2 ("The Ghost") Fraser. And just to make it harder for the staff, Course 62 brought along the Perehinski brothers (P. for Peter, and P. for Philip) causing sufficient confusion to justify either one being almost anywhere at anytime—or nowhere at no time.

And who could ever forget the sight of "Little Commando" Warren viciously berating "Big Commando" Martin? **There** was courage!

Something No. 1 Squadron never could figure out was the reason why "WING-AD-vance!" always meant an about turn and retreat—perhaps they neglected to take Variation and Drift into account.

Outstanding and definitely upstanding was our right marker. With his head in the clouds and his landing gear lowered, he set an unflagging pace for the Squadron—always excepting, of course, Slitherfoot Temoin, an individualist if ever there was one.

Probably the most patriotic AC2 in the entire Squadron was "Worryworry" Finkle, whose reaction to the

COURSE 62 No. 1 Squadron

AS Courses go, Course 62 has gone. With Sgt "Joe" McKeown at the fore we have fought our way through a barrage of facts and figures to a tentative hold on the long-awaited rank (and pay) of LAC.

With the help of God, incomparable instructors, and Jo-Jo, our fund of information was sufficient to meet the

7th-week "run on the bank" and still leave us solvent.

Speaking of instructors, our admiration knows no bounds. Their inexhaustible patience and sincerely helpful attitude will not be forgotten. They, in turn, must thank Course 62 for Jo-Jo, who, single-handed, took on the task of furthering **their** education. Nor will we ever forget F/L Fournier's first solo, nor the manner in which seagulls do a perfect three-point on the deck of a tug-boat.

Despite the noteworthy "brain trust" that guided the destinies of No. 1 Squadron, theirs was a full-time task. F/L Junor, though he denies the implication, was hospitalized for a short time. A grand officer at that! F/O Campbell bore up well, however, never for a moment losing that knowing gleam in his eyes—(we'd still like to know the true cause of **that!**). Nor is there any doubt that P/O Kehoe's commands were always listened for most attentively, —almost strained for, in fact.

It was "Daddy" McKeown who acted as buffer between crimes and punishments. Whatever we needed, from interviews to having our collective noses wiped, there was "Joe". Combining all the qualities of a Regimental-Sergeant-Major, a Padre, and a Patented Cure-All, his ministrations were invaluable, effective, and sincerely appreciated.

That the course was tough cannot be denied. At the finish it was a rather weary Squadron that waited nervously for the breakdown It led, in fact, to one AC2 remarking, as he watched the morning "shave parade": ". . . and the dead shall walk!" This was not good. But recuperation was speedy. Course 62 had already demonstrated their harder side. "P" Flight was found to contain at least one arsonist. Not to mention "Battering Ram" Towsley, the human bullet, who used his head and is now (or should be) up for



status of Pilot (Potential) was the immediate purchase of a Victory Bond. Perhaps he felt that the future was now a foregone conclusion.

There is one thing that No. 1 Squadron shares equally with other Squadrons, past and present: That is, a most profound regard for the Officers and N.C.O.'s at No. 4 I.T.S. Under the critical guidance of Wing Commander J. A. Hutchinson, Commanding Officer, No. 4 has attained, in the eyes of the trainees, a standard which we can only hope will be approached at our future stations. It could not be bettered!



F/L P. J. F. KERANS

EDUCATION

DURING the year the Mathematics section, like the Mathematics syllabus, has undergone many changes.



F/O J. A. K. ARMOUR



F/O O. L. COOLIDGE

The year opened with F/L Kerans in charge. On the posting of F/L Kerans, F/O Murray took over. He is assisted by F/O's Armour, Prescott and Coolidge.



F/O W. R. MURRAY



F/O D. A. PRESCOTT

COURSE 63

WE of Course 63 have graduated, and another squadron has taken our place. We are looking forward to our next stations, but will never forget the wonderful set-up at No. 4 I.T.S. and some of our interesting highlights.

There was the night of the fire alarm—about three o'clock in the morning—and was it cold! We stood shivering, with the temperature below zero, most of us with our great coats covering our pyjamas, and did



F/L R. H. MATTHEWS



P/O T. P. HEWLETT



F/O M. G. ELLEKER

we rant and fume when we found out that it was only a false alarm. There was the day when we were issued with winter hats, and coming on parade next morning, feeling like a bunch of fools.

The O.C. of our squadron, F/L Matthews, was always ready to grant us an interview, and help us with our problems. He was ably assisted by F/O Elleker, Squadron Adjutant. Our other two flight commanders were P/O's Patterson and Hewlett. Our N.C.O.'s F/S Lynes and Sgt. Mather were tops.



P/O H. W. PATTERSON



THE BREAKDOWN

The moving finger writes and having writ
Moves on; nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears WASHOUT a word of it.

—Omar Khayyam.

No. 2 SQUADRON

'Twas Course "63" in No. 2 Squad,
A sterling respectable lot,
A credit to all—so brilliant withal,
Yet never a blemish or blot
On morals or manners, deportment and such;
From the straight narrow way they'd not veered.
Their rooms were the best—'tis no idle jest,
On parade not a stubbly-dark beard.
Yes, haircuts were frequent in No. 2 Squad,
The boots were of mirror-like sheen,
The buttons and brass, like diamonds through glass,
Each lad "on the bit"—each one keen
To make a good mark for his squadron;
To be sure that he rates above "Fair",
Insignificant things—but they won him his wings
And they'll show in his job "over there".

NAVIGATION



F/L C. B. HEGY—
The marks are too high—the exam must have been too easy.



F/L W. C. CLEMENTS—
Who'd like to see my epediascope?



F/O F. L. CROTEAU—
Good to have around the house—on party nights.



F/O G. P. DUNCAN—
Can use his drafting equipment on anyone's blackboard.



F/O F. J. EDWARDS—
The bags under my circles are due to hard work.



F/O J. O. McCUTCHEON—
Pilot type—and proud of it.



F/O C. W. WALKER—
I aint sayin' nothin' till I see my lawyer.



P/O J. W. MOSELEY—
I have three children—surprising isn't it?



P/O H. E. MILLER—
Writing a novel on the love-life of a chicken.



P/O J. R. A. MACONACHIE—
Irish—known as Big Dick—which explains it.



P/O S. A. LINDSTEDT—
Has trouble keeping his pants up—or is it down.

P/O E. M. BORGAL—
Upstanding young Canadian—uses a maple leaf on his zipper.



F/O R. D. YOUNG

F/L E. LEE

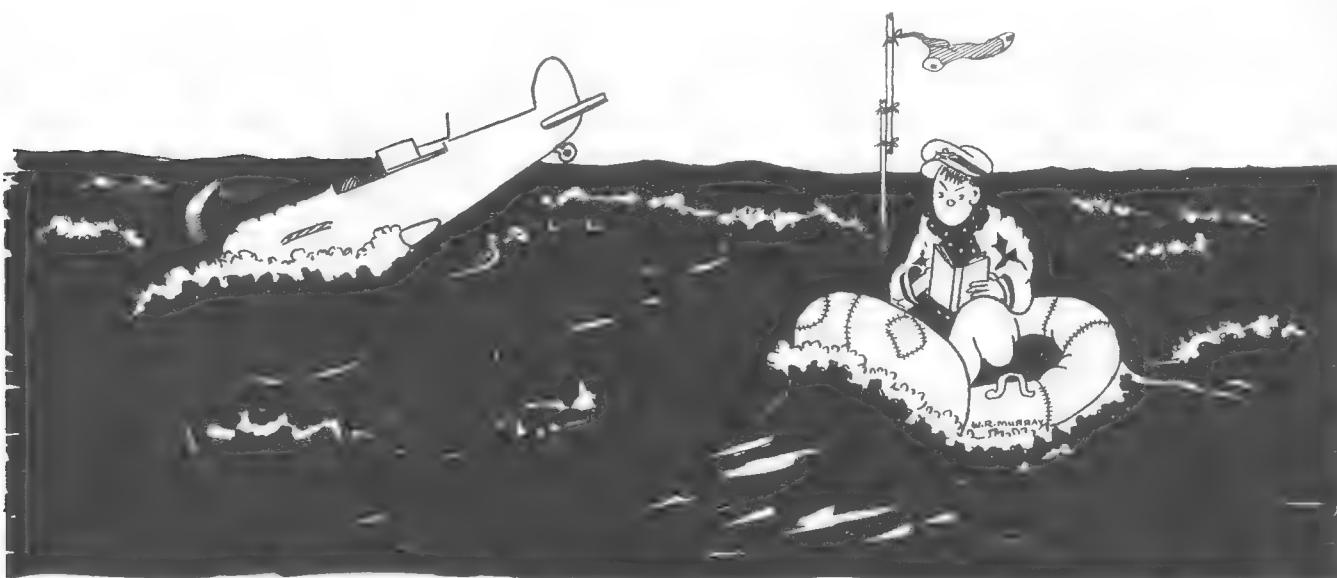
F/L D. I. CROSSLEY

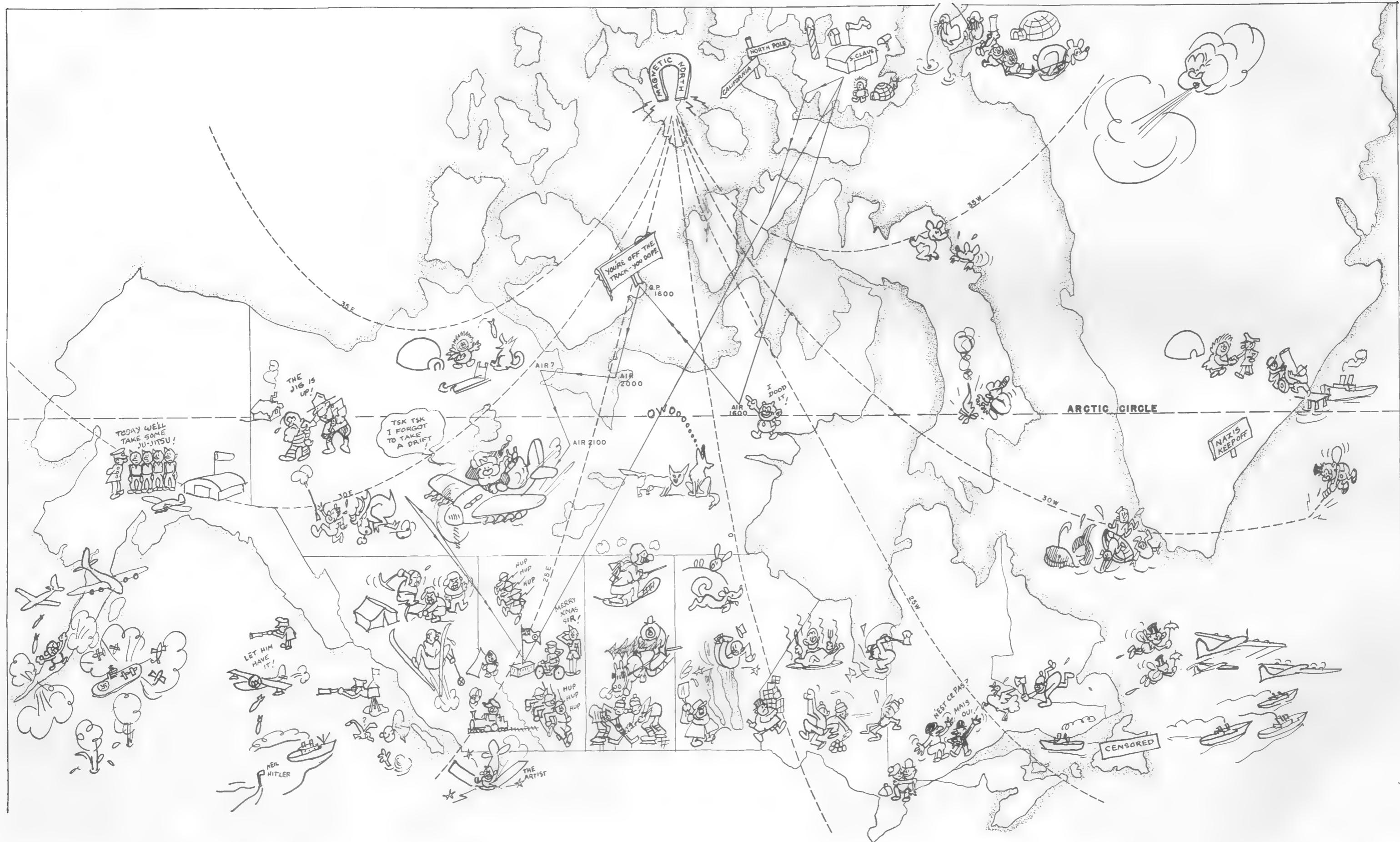
A STUDY IN BROWN

IT'S THURSDAY NIGHT AND THE NAV. OFFICE MARKS PAPERS

THE Nav. Office marks papers. A simple statement, that. But to a dozen instructors it has a somewhat evil portent.

They started in the afternoon. With the usual binding, that with a little organization, they could have started hours ago. However, start they did. And now, having had several hours, everything is nicely confused. In fact, the place is a perfect bedlam. Papers are everywhere—on desks, under foot, overhead and, but for a little restraint, out the window. The noises are incredible. Ranging from the unbelieving moan of a stunned instructor who sees the wrong target bombed—and using a reciprocal wind at that—to the high-pitched wail of the unfortunate who suddenly discovered that he's given the wrong number of marks for a question on at least thirty papers. And finally, as the evening wears on and the twelve emerge from the welter of papers, shedding them like a cocoon, the noise changes to the deep, contented munching of sandwiches, and the janitors, who know everything, mark up the beginning of another headache for Jerry.







BARRACKS

REG. LISTER

Many of us in aircrew at No. 4 I.T.S. have not passed the thirty-year mark, but our friend Reg. Lister has been watching students come and go for the past thirty years in the same halls where we are billeted. During those thirty years, Reg as he is known by students and administrative staff, has acquired a keen memory for names and faces. Students who attended University long before the war, and who have now answered the call in the Air Force, are called by name when they meet Reg in the Barrack Stores, getting their sheets and room allotment for the first time. Besides superintending the quarters, Reg can be seen daily in the mess hall—directing traffic like some friendly cop or seeing that each one is seated in his proper place along the well filled tables. We are indeed fortunate in having Reg to look after our interests at I.T.S., and we are extremely fortunate in having such lovely grounds so neatly kept in the summer months.

ARCHIE WEST

Small in stature, yet carrying an important load on his shoulders, is Archie West, Bursar of the University of Alberta. We at I.T.S. enjoy our dealings with Archie, feeling at all times that he is more than just a business associate.

HELEN SHORT

Ruddy complexions and sturdy constitutions at No. 4 I.T.S. are due, in no small measure to Mrs. Helen Short, Dietician in charge of Messing, provided by the contractors, the University of Alberta. If the way to the heart is through the stomach—No. 4 I.T.S. will be endeared by any airman who ever sat down to the sumptuous morsels concocted by Mrs. Helen Short and her capable staff. Everything is spotless—efficiency is noted on every hand—and although there may be a line-up for meals at the noon hour, it is easily understood.





F/O M. KAYE

COURSE 64 No. 3 SQUADRON



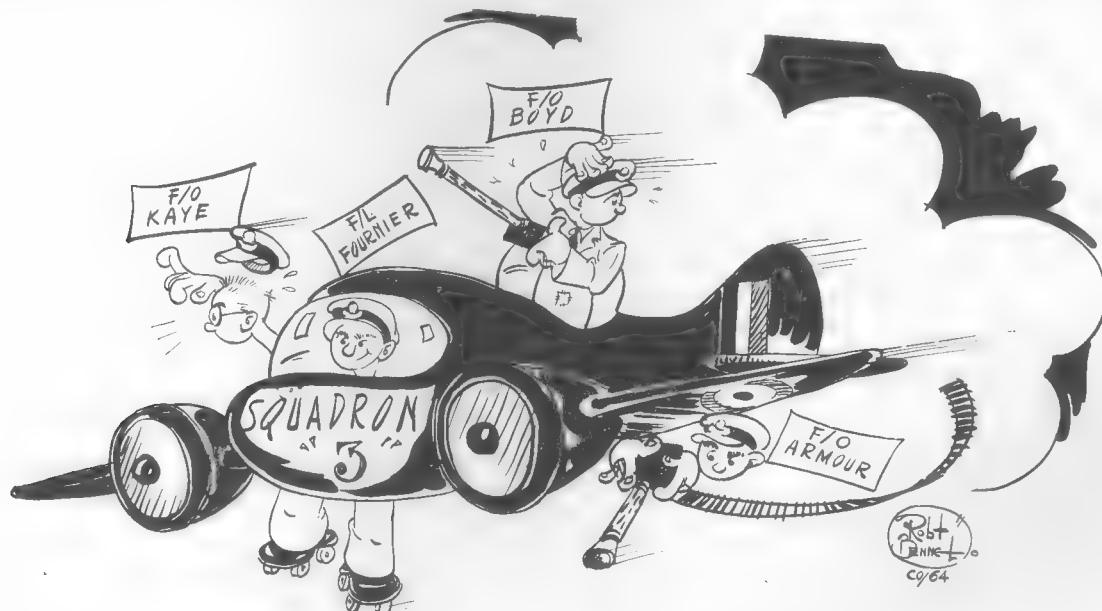
F/O G. D. BOYD

SQUADRON 3 set 'er down on a small landing field known as No. 4 I.T.S. Landings were rough, confusion reigned but under the capable supervision of F/L Fournier, Squadron Commander, F/O Boyd, F/O Kaye, and F/O Armour, the Squadron was soon brought under control.

Operations were to begin at once and the first flights over the enemy territory known as M.S.B. found a few casualties, the main bulk of the Squadron pulling through the first engagement. An indecisive victory was scored over L.D.A.O.—and mid-term math. nearly wiped out the Squadron . . . temporarily. Of course the enemy resorted to their usual trickery with a new secret weapon known as All or Nothing Marking. Urged on by their undaunted

Commander—the Squadron was confident of a Final victory. However, we were to get a new ship on the station known as the Link Mark 1 to 8. Flying Instructors of this new Super-job were skeptical, even cautious about expressing an opinion on the ability of the various individuals in the Squadron.

Heavy fighting had been apparent on the Nav. Front for several weeks latest communique said. Wireless Front reported steady retreat of the enemy. All other sectors, aircraft rec.—airmanship and armament were in the mopping up process—resistance being slight. Morale in the entire Squadron soared to new heights when victory was in sight, each man keen to get on with job, reluctant however to leave the best operational base in the service, No. 4 I.T.S.





PEMBINA

No. 4 SQUADRON



P/O I. GORESKY



F/L J. D. PATERSON



F/O W. V. AGNEW, D.C.M.

COURSE 65

ONE cold murky morning in October just before daybreak Course 65 formed up on the parade square. (Other squadrons forming up in the warmth of the Drill Hall.) Everything was new to us and we felt out of place. On looking around I noticed by the hooks and props and even a ring that the majority in our squadron were remusters. However before many days had passed we were issued with battle dress and were settled in station routine.

With mid-term exams behind, we are now looking forward to the "Breakdown" and out postings. Our stay at 4 I.T.S. has been a happy one. Our quarters and meals have been of the best. All forms of recreation were available to us and the Instructors were swell. Only once so far has F/L Paterson brought us to task. F/O Agnew and F/O Campbell tried, at times by our methods, of housekeeping have managed to retain smiling countenances. Since coming on the station we have lost F/O Campbell to No. 1 Squadron, he has been replaced by P/O Goresky. Our Squadron N.C.O.'s Sgt. Smith and Cpl. Brown have been tops. We can sincerely say that we have had no better. Until our posting we will keep our fingers crossed and hope that those who follow us will enjoy their stay at No. 4 I.T.S. as much as we have.

R101827 SGT. DZINKOWSKI, K.E.
Course No. 32 at No. 4 I.T.S. Categorized W.A.G.
R.A.F. Ferry Command

CITATION:

The KING has approved the award of the British Empire Medal to the above mentioned airman of the Royal Canadian Air Force.

This airman was the wireless operator air gunner of a Ventura aircraft which crashed one day in July, 1942.

Sergeant Dzinkowski, although badly burned, returned to the aircraft and extricated another member of the crew. He dragged him fifteen feet from the wreckage and then collapsed.

Sergeant Dzinkowski sustained further burns whilst performing this gallant rescue.





ATHABASCA

COURSE 66

At noon on Sunday, November 9th, thirty-three kit-laden ex-members of No. 3 "M" Depot's Precision Squadron filed out of an R.C.A.F. truck beside the mess hall and looked with favor on the fine buildings which were to comprise their "world" for the next few weeks. By nightfall this first contingent was joined by 34 remusters from Pacific Coast operational stations, and No. 1 Training Squadron became an integral part of No. 4 T.S.—Course 66, "Clickety-Clicks".

Although the smallest squadron on the station, No. 1 forms a splendid example of co-operation between veterans, some with three years of service behind them and sergeants' stripes on their sleeves, and novice airmen fresh from a manning depot. This mingling of new and experienced men have undoubtedly been of great advantage to both.

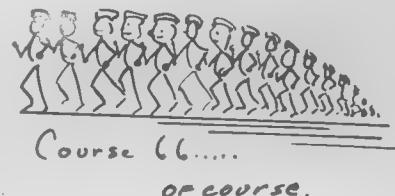
It is a common sight to one walking the top floor corridor of Pembina Hall in the evening to see a 15-word-per-minute wireless student from the Manning Depot sending to a group of veterans making their first contact with the mysteries of Morse code. And just as common is a group of novices listening to an operational station man explain technical points in airmanship and engines.

The excellence of quarters, instructors, classroom facilities, meals and sports equipment has truly been an eye-opener to novices and veterans alike, and we trust that we have shown and will continue to show our appreciation in the one fashion that speaks for itself—care of equipment, spotless rooms and high examination marks.

The ability of No. 1 Squadron in competitive sports is still an undetermined factor, but the spirit is shown by the formation of teams in basket ball, hockey and volley ball.

Our present aim is to prove to our O.C., Flight Lieutenant G. M. Campbell, who took over the Squadron from Flight Lieutenant V. R. Junor upon the latter's posting to another station, that No. 1 Squadron is at least giving its best in endeavoring to be the most efficient squadron on the station. If the goal is not achieved, it will not be because of any shortcomings of our officers, F/O G. D. Campbell (Squadron Adjutant), F/O F. J. Edwards, F/O Croteau and P/O C. E. J. Kehoe (Flight Commanders), or of our Squadron Sergeant-Major, Sgt. J. McKeown, or Sgt. A. W. S. McColm, assistant Sergeant-Major.

The courtesy, thoughtfulness and genuine desire to assist airmen, whatever the inconvenience, that has been expressed and demonstrated by all officers and N.C.O. instructors, is thoroughly appreciated by No. 1 Squadron. And a year from now we trust that we will pay back to them the debt we owe for the more-than-demanded consideration they have shown. We trust that our answer will be given where it should—over Berlin, Tokyo and Rome.



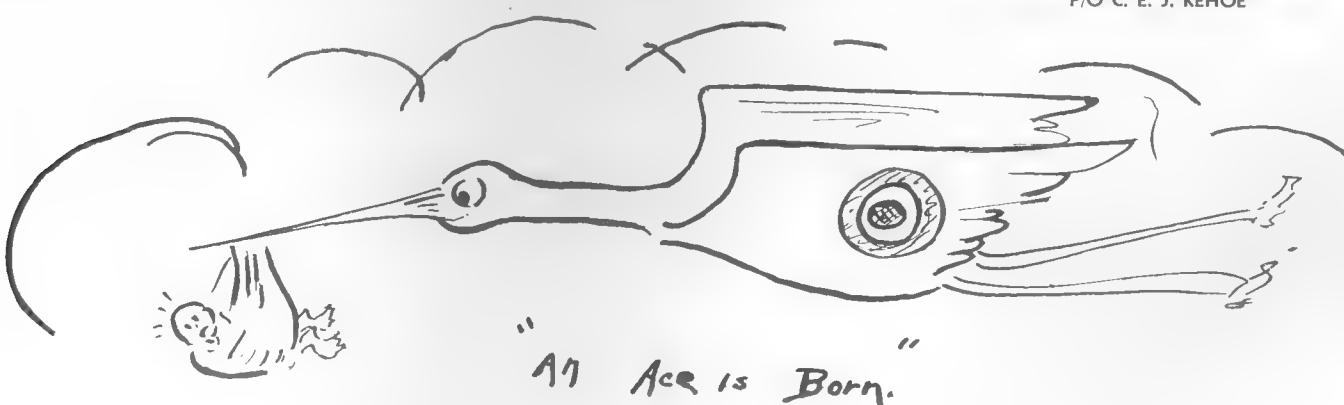
F/L G. M. CAMPBELL



F/O G. D. CAMPBELL

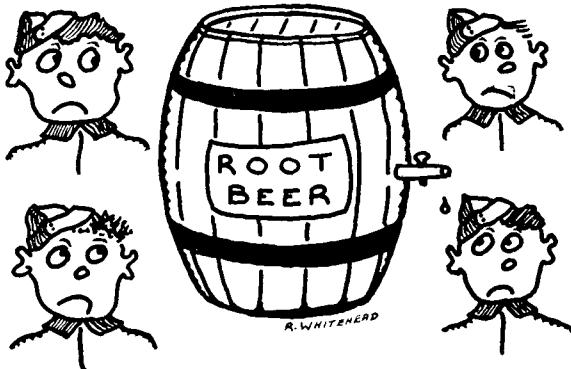


P/O C. E. J. KEHOE





ASSINIBOIA

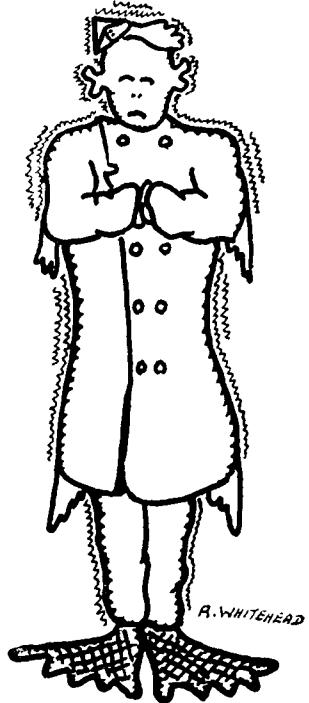


COURSE 68 No. 2 SQUADRON

COURSE 68 has arrived at No. 4 I.T.S., which will be our home for the next ten weeks. We must have presented a rather bewildered lot of non-coms, AC2's and all wondering what it was all about. The first morning the pleasure at having such wonderful quarters disappeared in the background when we were greeted by an unexpected inspection by the C.G.I. Out of 99 men, 79 are remusters. Ottawa must have cleaned out the old filing cabinet and about time.

Our officers, instructors and N.C.O.'s appear to be an agreeable lot of chaps. However we do not like the weather and our west coast contingent will be freezing their webbed feet.

Following time honoured custom we held a smoker the first night here, but unfortunately there was no beer to be had. The evening's entertainment went over well, which was highlighted by the magic of P/O Hewlett.



Our flights are N, O, and P. Some bright lad suggested Navigators, Observers and Pilots, but we hardly think categorization has proceeded that far as yet.

The C.O. and M.O. passed on some fatherly advice on how to keep out of trouble at I.T.S. However, short of financial aid, the Padre stands ready to lend any assistance.

Most of us still feel out of place, but we will give it hell when the course gets under way. We may not break any records, but most of us have waited a long time for this and don't intend to miss the boat.



No. 4 I.T.S. WIVES SERVICE GROUP

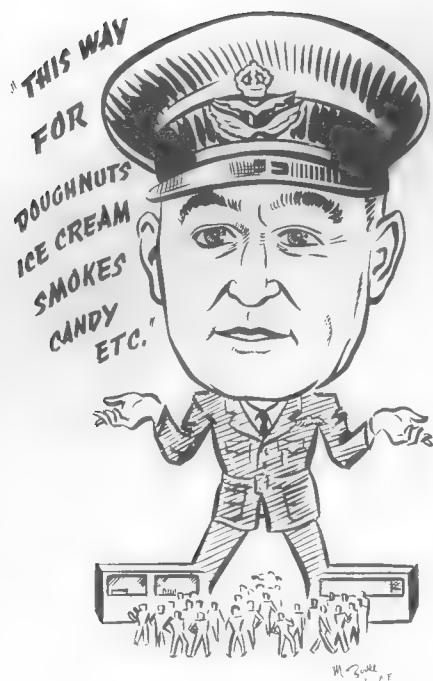
At the suggestion of Wing Commander J. A. Hutchison, which was met with hearty approval by all concerned, a group was formed in September for the wives of all Station personnel at No. 4 I.T.S.

The No. 4 I.T.S. Wives' Service Group was organized mainly as a means of acquainting the wives and providing a social contact for wives coming to the city as strangers.

The following executive is in charge of activities:

Honorary President, Mrs. J. A. Hutchison.
President, Mrs. C. F. Burt.
Vice-President, Mrs. E. V. Merrick.

Secretary,	Mrs. G. D. Campbell.
Treasurer,	Mrs. D. MacDowell.
Red Cross Convener:	Mrs. L. A. Brinkhurst.
Assistant,	Mrs. F. J. Edwards.
Housing Convener:	Mrs. W. P. Smith.
Assistant,	Mrs. W. R. Murray.
Hospital Convener:	Mrs. J. Truscott.
Assistant	Mrs. R. Bastian
Welcome Convener:	Mrs. H. H. Grantham.
Assistant,	Mrs. G. Underwood.
Entertainment Convener:	Mrs. P. J. F. Kerans.



CANTEEN

An important part of any Airforce Station—and a very notable part of this station—is the canteen. Efficiently operated, excellently stocked with anything that an airman could wish—or pay for—both canteens are “tops.” The popularity of the mid-morning and mid-afternoon snacks at the Coffee Bar in the Normal is certainly evidence to the fact that only the best is obtainable. Profits from both canteens are used, as in any Airforce station, for the exclusive benefit of the personnel. One look at our Sports stores—one of the best equipped in Canada—or a glance at the new reading room in the basement of Athabasca is ample proof of the competent handling of canteen profits.

The canteen at No. 4 I.T.S. operate on the bonus system. If there are any shortages during the month, it is deducted from the bonus, and there has been only one deduction since June of 1941. A glance at the cartoon on the bottom of this page will bring fond memories of the idle minutes spent in the canteen—and perhaps minutes spent there when we should have been in classes. It was also an excellent sanctuary where one could have a few drags to settle the nervousness prior to a session in the link.



"JAM SESSION"



FROM RETAILER



TO

CONSUMER



OUR BAND



BANDMASTER CAUSTON

over the prairie provinces offering congratulations and good wishes to the band of No. 4, who brings them such delightful programs by means of radio. Perhaps we never fully appreciate what is close at hand, but we know that the grass is certainly greener in our own back yard when it comes to our band. Every two weeks the band is present at the Graduation Ceremonies at No. 2 A.O.S.—an eventful time for the graduates made all the more memorable by the atmosphere provided with music from their own Initial Training School. The Calgary and

BAND

WE certainly don't want to be accused of "blowing our own horn" but when we say we have the best band in Western Canada we mean just that. Over CFRN every Wednesday evening, and over the Western Network of the Canadian Broadcasting System, is ample proof of the quality of the Station Band. Letters come from all

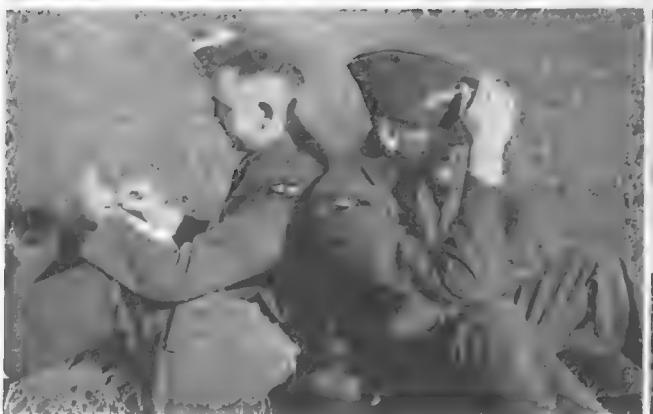
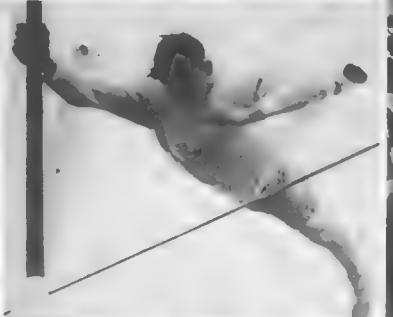
Edmonton Exhibitions also saw the band in action—possibly their trip of last summer could be more adequately described by any member of the band.

The Orchestra, too, comprised of members of the Station band, provides the down-beat at every Squadron Dance in the Normal School Gym. Well received by the so-called hep-cats—and legitimate music lovers—the Station orchestra is in demand for service functions in all parts of the city.



DRUM MAJOR STULBERG





IN THE SIGHTS

FIRE FIGHTERS' SECTION, No. 4 I.T.S.

THE duties of the Fire Fighting Section consist of inspection, prevention, and maintainance of fire fighting equipment.

The ever genial Sgt. Duncan, in charge of the section, gives lectures and demonstrations to each new intake of trainees, and also gives periodical talks and demonstrations to Headquarters personnel.

The nature of our work is such that it may not be apparent from day to day, but over a period of time the results speak for themselves.

It is desired at this time to convey to officers and airmen of No. 4 I.T.S. the season's greetings and to thank all ranks for the co-operation which has been extended to this Section without which it would have been impossible to maintain our (pardon us) enviable record.

The following airmen are on the staff:

Sgt. Duncan, C. D.	LAC Gorsline, W. B.
Cpl. Dockyer, D. K.	LAC MacFarlane, D. J.
Cpl. Gamelin, E. O.	LAC Motkovich, F. I.
LAC Maricle, F. E.	AC1 Garstin, G. H. B.
	AC1 Pinfold, T. W.



SGT C. DUNCAN

LADIES' AUXILIARY AND JUNIOR HOSTESS CLUB

THE Ladies Auxiliary to No. 4 I.T.S. and Junior Hostess Club have done a splendid job in looking after the well being of the airmen.

Throughout the year they have organized seasonal activities such as hikes, dances, and swimming parties. The enjoyable socials will always be remembered by the airmen from No. 4 I.T.S.

The ladies make regular visits to the Hospital, supplying the fellows with cigarettes and magazines. A very popular committee is the Mending Committee, where airmen may bring their socks, and shirts for mending.

We of No. 4 I.T.S. deeply appreciate the good work carried on by the Ladies' Auxiliary and Junior Hostess Club, who have made themselves so indispensable.

President of the organization is Mrs. F. W. Scott; Secretary, Mrs. Macdonald; Vice-President, Mrs. Wyatt; Social Convenor, Mrs. Welch. In charge of the hospital committee is Mrs. Greenwood, and Mrs. McIlveen heads the mending committee. Mrs. McAllister and Miss McWhirter are in charge of Junior Hostess activities, and Mrs. Lang is Press Secretary.

MOTOR TRANSPORT SECTION



PRIDE OF THE GAS HOUSE

WORRY! Worry! Worry!—What with the shortage of gas and the rationing of rubber.—Yet these are the least of the worries of the M.T. Section. How best to have a car at two places,—a pick up here, a pick up there—a flat tire here, a flat tire there—and so what! In no trade do I know a more carefree lot, who appear to breeze along without an apparent care in the world.

On the nominal roll we have: Cpl. Easton I/C, Cpl's MacLean, Fortin, LAC's Powell, Stuart, McCann, Mellott, Bishop, McClure, Wagon, AC2's Wevers, Salloum, Oleschuk.

GUARDS

SEPTEMBER

AGAIN September, and the summer's ending Again. September, that has been to me Grey harvest dawnings, and the sting of frost In a fork handle: September, that has made The night sweet as a hayloft, and the moon Glow great and yellow as clean sunlight through A knot-hole in the gable of the sky. Month that has dripped red sumac leaves along The ridge, and scattered scraps of cloud among The jackpine tops on a blue mountainside Like wisps of wool caught in the cards. To me These things have been September, which has been To all men, harvest time. And this September Is end of summer, and of the third year Of the leaden planting, and the constant harvest.

Now in the fourth September, I stand guard With an empty pistol, while the beads of rain Upon the wire behind my sentry box Sway and gather and round themselves and drop, Beating and endless dead-march in the grass. My watch can not avenge or justify The sleep of those who were my friends, who now Shiver not with the cold, nor dream: my tour of duty is As a low branch of poplar flicked by bayonets

Of a long funeral party, and swinging back To the same spot: at best my watch As foam about the prow, first running back A little upon itself, before it sweeps Outward into a wake that cuts the wave. Too long I waited, numb with the frost of reason, Steering my course too long by a cold star That wavered as a dim lantern, light-scissored By the slow strides of him who carries it.

Now, as I pace the twenty steps, and twenty, And twenty paces, wishes rush ahead: Before September browns the field again, I shall have seen the shadow of my wings Form in the clouds a cross ringed with a halo Of rainbow, and the same wing-shadow swoop Hawklike across the land. And wings themselves Can be but shadows of my will that flies Now with the instinct of the young wild goose That in September crosses from the north To an unknown haven. True will be my course And far my flight will be, till at the end I shall light as a weary bird at eventide, Or as a star that marks its trail a moment Across the face of a September night.

—LAC Blackburn, R. H., "Course 63."

• • •

SERVICE POLICE



SGT D. B. HAWN

BENEATH this rough exterior—who knows what lurks? At any rate Sergeant D. B. Hawn has successfully held down the position as Chief of Police at No. 4 precinct, for the past year. Impatiently awaiting the completion of the New Guard House, Sergeant Hawn with his band of K.R. Air enthusiasts, intend to make this station the Utopia of Law and Order and the scourge of budding Service Sheet Markers.

Another Sherlock Holmes—with the wisdom of Lon Chaney is Sergeant Bullard. Whoever heard of an ex-prizefighter—trained as a disciplinarian under the guise of a Service Police. Truly this section must be a Dr. Jekyll-Mr. Hyde arrangement. Corporal Motley was originally with the Coldstream Guards and has been here since the station was opened over two years ago. Other members of the section, who should be avoided on leave if possible are: Cpl. J. R. Martindale, Cpl. J. Robertson, Cpl. J. G. Davies, Cpl. C. Foster.

DISCIPLINARIANS

NUMEROUS interpretations have come from the word Disciplinarians. It might best be analysed as follows: A number of letters compiled to confuse an AC2. Generally pronounced "Discip" by Trainees.

Whoever wrote the song "Johnny Jo Boy" must have been thinking of Discips. Appropriate to W/O2 Hodge is the song: "The little man who wasn't there." F/S Lynes it is rumoured has an executive job on the station magazine. Sgt. McKeown has had considerable trouble with his back—he is now staying in barracks. Above the mists of "Skunk Hollow" may be seen our genial Sgt. Cundel gazing skyward at our Sgt. Pilot McColm. Sgt's Smith and Stulberg are waiting for a berth in aircrew. Our strong and silent Mathers, recites a story of how one dark night our friend Sgt. Bankhead got lost, but was able to get his bearings from the lights of Calgary. If anyone is looking for Woods, "Cpl Woods to you" he will refer you to our Cpl Brown who is brushing up on his university studies.

Looking after the well-being of Discips is F/O Truscott and holding down the S.S.M.'s seat is W/O2 Mayne.



W/O2 R. HODGE

ORDERLY ROOM

NO one in the Orderly Room can complain of seeing the same face across the table too often—there is no monotony in that regard, as changes in personnel come too frequent. The girls almost "Did a weep," for instance, when our debonair W/O2 Howie and mysterious

Sgt. Barnes remustered to aircrew; however we have been blessed with the addition of Sgt. Dawson.

The place wouldn't be the same without Larry Jones, who keeps the records straight and whistles the while; Sgt. Adin, who thinks life in the Orderly Room is like

the quiet after the storm of the Squadron Office; Cpl. Smith (Smitty to you), one of the best natured and willing workers on the Station. Then there is Ian MacDonald, a most likeable person with an infectious laugh.

We take off our hats to Miss Hayman, an indefatigable worker, and Miss Maveety and Miss Nigro, than whom there are none sweeter.

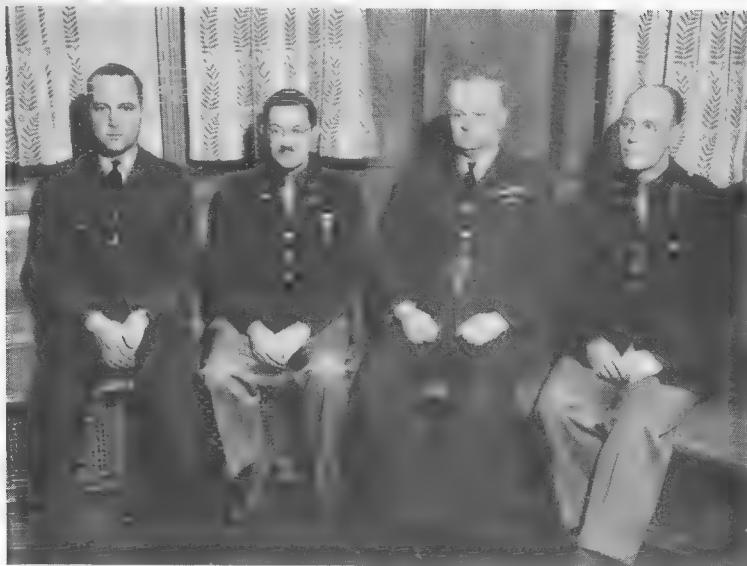
To all the good friends posted from this Station, we extend greetings and best wishes for a bright New Year.



OUR GOOD NEIGHBORS



MAJOR L. W. REEVES



F/L WHEELER

MAJOR REEVES

F/L MORRIS

LIEUT. MOORE

A CONCRETE example of the Good Neighbour Policy between Canada and the United States was to be found at No. 4 I.T.S. when a company of one hundred technicians of the U.S. Signal Battalion was billeted in our quarters.

The boys from across the line were heartily received and the "invasion" was undoubtedly a huge success from their standpoint. They admired the excellent quarters—marvelled at the depth of snow—enjoyed their first time on skates and buckled down to real work as the picture on this page will portray.

Many of the American lads saw snow for the first time as we see it every winter—little did they know the work required to make roads and sidewalks passable—some of them coming from the Sunny Southern States. Accents and the slow southern drawl substantiate this last statement.

Our canteen at the Normal School received a needed coat of paint under their supervision—and to see them work one would think that the painting of murals had been their peacetime occupation. So jolly in their work—so easily befriended—it will be with deep regret that we say farewell to our American company.



LIEUT. MOORE



THE SHOVEL BRIGADE



WITH THE BARRACK WARDEN



F/O J. D. TRUSCOTT

The winter of '41-'42 marked the opening of sports activities at I.T.S. An Inter-Service hockey and basketball league was formed, which saw our friends at No. 3 Manning taking most of the glory. What glory we shared was passed on to our sturdy and energetic F/L Don Wilson and even more amply proportioned F/Sgt. Glaves. With such heavy backing it is no wonder that sports

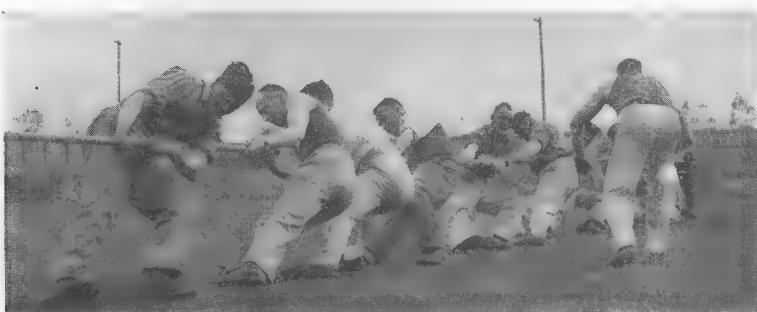
Sports

SPORTS has played a major roll in the activities at No. 4 I.T.S. It has had the enthusiastic support and backing of our Commanding Officer. Under the able guidance of F/Lt. Morris and his committee, sports has reached a point that might be envied by any station in Canada.

Our aim in sports has concerned the fitness of our airmen for the work that lies ahead, and to allow each airman an opportunity to gain diversion from his studies and work. In all the varied activities there has been a keen sense of competition and friendly rivalry. Looking back on our initial efforts of '41, we can say that the present standard has been reached by hard work, the enthusiasm of the committee, and interest in sports shown by the station personnel.

gained momentum on the Station. With the coming of spring a new idea took root in the form of an Inter-Service sports committee, embracing the three armed services, and the R.C.M.P. of this city. This organization has repeatedly proven its worth, and will continue to be the instigation of many competitive games in the months to come.

TRACK AND FIELD



Not content with resting on past laurels the Sports Committee set their course on a most ambitious undertaking—an Inter-Service Track and Field Meet, to be held at the University stadium on September 23rd. The weather man was against us, it being a cold dull day, but this could not dampen the high spirits of the competitors from No. 2 A.O.S., No. 3 Manning, the Navy, and I.T.S. We were fortunate in having as our starter Canada's most famous Olympic star, Staff Pilot Percy Williams.

Manning Pool was headed by the point-making British Games champion, Eric Coy, who took the shot put quite handily to set a Provincial record. From the very start, I.T.S. was out in front. The fast stepping Richardson annexed three firsts, doing the century in 10.2 sec., the 220 in 23.4 and cleared the bar at 5'8" to eliminate his teammate Christie. "Rickie's" cohort was LAC Fiddes, who covered 37'7-1/2" in the hop, step and jump and 19'5-1/2" in the broad jump. F/Sgt Lynes gave I.T.S. another 5 pts. by chalking a win in the hurdles in 17.3 and LAC LaValley took the pole vault at 11'.

This was a fitting climax to a successful season. F/O Truscott and his muscle builders along with Frank Coffey, Auxiliary Service Officer, deserve applause for a job well done.

With the passing of spring the Inter-Squadron Track Meets were again organized and we found the fellows sharpening their spikes, and burning up the cinder, to uphold the honour of their Squadron. At stake was the Commanding Officer's trophy.

F/L Paterson with his cohorts were able to stave off the cinder burners and field men in four successive assaults, but were finally outflanked by the fleetfeet of No. 2 Squadron.



TRACK RECORDS

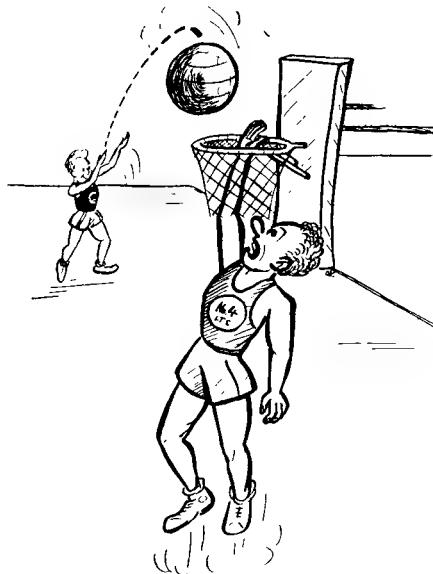


Interesting to note is a comparison of Track and Field records set at No. 4 I.T.S. with Alberta and World records:

EVENT	4 I.T.S.	ALBERTA	WORLD
100-yd. Dash.....	10.2	.09-7/10	.09-4/10
220-yd. Dash.....	24-2/10	22	.20-3/10
440-yd. Dash.....	56	51-3/5	46-4/10
880-yd. Run.....	2.10-5/10	2.01	1.49-6/10
1-Mile Run.....	4.26	4.36-3/5	4.06-4/10
Broad Jump.....	19'5-1/2"	22'7-1/2"	26'8-1/4"
Hop, Step and Jump.....	37'5"	44'5-3/4"	52'5-7/8"
High Jump.....	5'10"	6'-1/8"	6'9-3/4"
Shot Putt.....	45'2"	42'7-1/4"	57'1"
Pole Vault.....	11'	11'6-1/4"	15'7"

SOFTBALL

Besides winning Track and Field honors, I.T.S. annexed the Inter-Service, and City Softball Championships. Piloting the boys to victory was S/L Clare. In the co-pilots seat was F/O Truscott, and keeping the fellows on the beam was Sgt. Grant. All in all, between postings some fifty odd players helped blast all opposition into submission.



On their first flight in the Inter-Service League the Airmen encountered heavy fire. The crew of the good ship "Nonsuch" sent them back on the short end of an 11-1 count. Their next raid found the Airmen on the beam, and they blasted their way to a 9-6 victory. In the final blitz, I.T.S. sank the Navy by a 12-0 score to clear the way for their next objective.

Plotting their next course the Airmen set their sights on the Navy Artificers, releasing their bomb racks to score an 8-5 victory. Keeping up a relentless attack they blew up the Navy in the final round by an 8-0 tally.

Decorations being in order, Sub-Lieutenant Duffield, president of the Inter-Service Sports' Association, presented the Airmen with the Irving Kline trophy.

With the Navy out of the way, there remained the Moose, Edmonton Senior Men's Softball Champions. In the first game the Airmen encountered stiff opposition, but were able to return to their base to log a 10-9 victory. With the championship in sight I.T.S. opened up with an all out attack to bag the Moose, and the Motor Car Supply trophy by an 11-2 score.

So passes softball in review, an enviable record for any team—20 wins to their credit in 24 starts. Attesting to the high calibre of softball played on the Station. No. 3 Squadron took the Station team into camp in a playdown series.

With the Inter-Service and Senior Men's Championship tucked away we can rest on our laurels until next season.

IN REVIEW

In their season Badminton, Volley Ball, Table Tennis, Soccer, Golf and Tennis flourished.

A highly successful tennis season culminated in a fine tournament won by Fiddes. The highlight of the tennis season was an exhibition match featuring Roberts, the long, lean Californian, a seeded player in the U.S., and a real picture to watch.

The R.A.F. lads were given a chance to indulge in their Soccer and Cricket, with tea being served at the proper intervals.

F/L Wilson again came to the fore when his last winter's ice turned to water. His swimming team made the water fairly boil as they swept all in their path in the two meets they entered.



HOCKEY

Hard on the heels of basketball came the cold weather and hockey. With ample equipment an Inter-Squadron league has been started. There is a lot of high class material for the Station team which will be entered in the Inter-Service league. With the new skating rink at our back door it will be a gala winter for our speedsters.

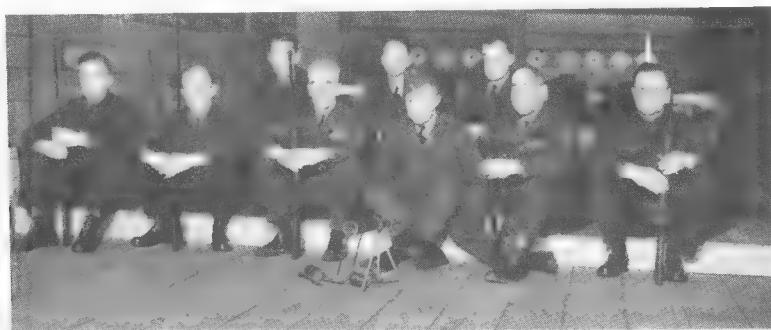


BASKETBALL

With the passing of softball, basketball took the spotlight. F/O Truscott got busy and rounded up the hoopsters on the Station. Some twenty-five aspirants turned out for practice at the Drill Hall. From this nucleus was formed the Station quintette. The team is entered in the Inter-Service League, which comprises A.O.S., Manning Pool, Navy, U.S. Army, Canadian Army, and No. 4 I.T.S. In the three starts I.T.S. has dropped two closely contested games. We feel confident when the finals roll around that I.T.S. will be in the top bracket.

COMMANDO COURSE

We always associated our "Commando Course" with F/L Junor, who we called "Commander of the Course." Whose brain child it was, has never been settled among the Trainees. As a conditioner for Airmen it served its purpose, being the toughest race in our Track Meet. It is rumoured that the Course will be set up in the Drill Hall, and we being true Airmen like to spike all rumours. So until the advent of spring, or until bigger and better courses are made, we let our Commando Course rest in peace.



RIFLE CLUB

The activities of the Rifle Branch of the Sports' Club can be best pictured by giving a list of the Dominion Marksmen Awards that have been made to this Station:

The Expert Shield: F/O T. S. Byrne.

The Gold, Silver and Bronze Awards:—S/L Latchford, F/L Kerans, F/O Byrne, Cpl White, LAC's Bell, Evans, Strachok, Gibbs, Hampton, Archer, Hughes, Quanstrom, Zinkham, Jones, Reif, Peel, Fraser, Brown, Wilson, Seward, Harper.

The Silver and Bronze Awards:—F/O Murray, F/O Meiklejohn, A/C F/O Taylor, A/C F/O Craigie, A/C F/L Cormick, Sgt. Hawn, LAC's Arnold, Joplin, King, Laye, Saunders, Anderson, Demcoe, Kipling, Twittey, Wilson, Fleet, Swan, Bond, Bodle, Richardson, Jarvis, Brooke, Harper, Freeman, Jessup.

The Bronze Awards:—S/L Burt, F/O's Kaye, Duncan, Elleker, Boyd, P/O Patterson, WO2 Mayne, Sgt's Barnes, Bell, Gorden, Burchell, Cpl. Robertson, LAC's Coomb, Edwards, Floyd, Heber, Hartree, Hopper, Leaman, Reburn, Smith, Wiskar, Bailey, Fiddes, Grant, Peters, Clark, Loranger, Baird, Galloway, Thring, Thornton, Gillies, Feldman, Burns, Buhr, Broadbent, Norman, Chandler, Dow, Salmond, Whiteley, Wagon, Stevens, Simpson, Pybus, Hill, Crump, Baillie, Stephens, Dubois, Mahood.

FACTS, FIGURES AND FANCY

A visit to the Sports Room in the Drill Hall will bring a gleam of delight in the eye of the sporting enthusiast.

Shelf upon shelf, rack upon rack, filled with skates, sticks, pads, sweaters, tennis and badminton racquets, golf clubs, rugby, soccer, basket and softball outfits. All in orderly arrangement, it makes the visitor feel he is in the sporting goods department of a well organized business.

A chat with the Physical Training Instructors, who hold forth there, leads to some interesting facts, figures and fancy.

Some 24 tennis racquets, rest in their presses, after a busy season on our 4 excellent shale courts. These racquets and more than a gross of balls were used in 1,500 odd games during the summer.

Twelve complete matched sets of golf clubs made no less than 500 visits to nearby links, where many a divot was dug and damn was flung.

Rows of white running shoes bearing serial number and size in prominent figures await issue. A question elicits the information that there are 55 pairs in all and these are issued on an average of 400 pairs a month the year round.

The Softball equipment like that of Tennis and Golf is placed away for the season. On these shelves are sweaters, pants, socks and shoes for the station team; gloves for two teams, and bats galore.

The remains of some 3 dozen battered and worn softballs are kept in a box—to be used again, in practise at

least, in another season.

Placed away in moth balls are 50 swimming trunks which had goodly use during the past summer. It was in these trunks that such stars as MacAulay, Cosman, and Willow won fame for No. 4 I.T.S. in the Wrigley Meet and Inter-Service Meet in July.

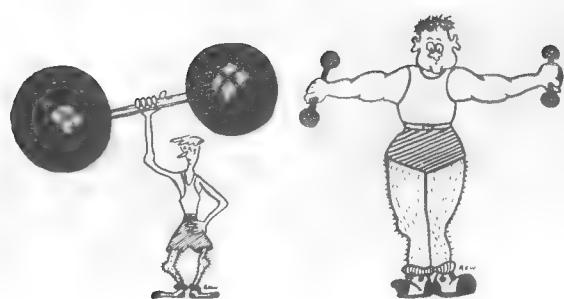
Moving over to equipment in present use, we come upon the skating section. Here are 62 pairs of first class skates and boots, complete sweaters, socks and pads for 24 hockey players at one time, with hockey sticks capable of bruising a shin or even scoring a goal.



CPL STANDELL

SGT GRANT

CPL WILKINS



Badminton players will find 36 racquets carrying the endorsement of nationally known players. Even though the season is young, some 7 dozen birds have been issued.

Basketballs and volleyballs with other necessary equipment are at hand in adequate number.

And last but not least, the newly arrived skis, 20 pairs in all, with harness, poles and a suitable assortment of sizes in boots, await issue. It appears as though this will be known as the winter of the big snows (it hasn't missed a day), so skiing will undoubtedly have a big season.

Sgt. Grant—better known to all as "Russ". He is an all round athlete, starring in softball, hockey and basketball. "Russ" is quite the chief organizer for Station games and is popular with the men.

Cpl. Wilkins—Apart from his wonderful physique and blonde curly hair he finds time for weight lifting and his "gym-of-the-air" programme.

Cpl. Standell—Late of Calgary. He plays on the Station hockey team, and is sometimes useful around the sports stores.



STORES

HIDDEN behind masses of vouchers, vocabulary sections and reference numbers, any one, will find the Equipment Section personnel consisting of F/L A. T. Murphy, the Equipment Officer, F/Sgt Underwood, G.R.; Sgt Eklund, H.M.; Cpl Rodwell, E.F.; LAC Brinkhurst, L.A.; LAC Cottrell, S.C.; LAC Anderson, J.O.; LAC Moen, S.C.; LAC Harris, C.G.; AC1 Anstey, L.; AC1 Carter, J.; trying to figure out why the stock does not balance. Then, suddenly, some bright lad, out of the cold not so clear air, enquires, "Did you take into consideration those issues made to North West Staging Route, No. 3 Recruiting Centre, No. 8 University of Alberta Training Corps, No. 2 Air Observer School, Radio Technicians School, or to the Station Hospital—" which after much ado, pro and con, brings the stock into agreement.

Never mind lads, history repeats itself next month end.



F/L A. T. MURPHY.



STORES PERSONNEL



"MAYBE IT WILL FIT

—

— I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES"



ACCOUNTS PERSONNEL



F/L L. C. STAITE



F/O L. N. McCORD



BILL CONNELLY

ACCOUNTS SECTION

HEAD banker of the Accounts Section is F/L L. C. Staite, who entrusts expenditures to F/O L. N. McCord. Guarding the outer portals we have the old reliables: F/Sgts Merrick and Morrison, Sgts Thompson and Baller. Other members who have celebrated their first birthday are Cpl Jamieson, Madill, Brick and Dalphond.

Any time of the day we have such typical situations—The A.O. would like some figures for a return he is compiling. The Adjutant has an important telegram for us. Command wants to know why the percentage profit on the sale of popcorn has fallen from 10.12% to 9.38%. Half a dozen officers are waiting in the inner sanctum for incorrectly compiled and certainly undercertified travelling claims to be paid. The few people out in the passage are waiting their opportunity to squeeze into the office for documentation or to lodge Victory Loan applications. The little man in the corner who came in yesterday for a warrant has so far failed to attract anyone's attention.

All in all the section is a happy family and besides paying I.T.S. the Accounts Section pays No. 3 Recruiting Centre, North West Stage Route, No. 8 U.A.T.C. and No. 3 Pre-Enlistment School.

K. of C. AUXILIARY SERVICE

AS Auxiliary Officer, Knights of Columbus, my association with the officers and airmen at No. 4 I.T.S. have been a source of great enjoyment. Contacts made through the K. of C. office, library, sports, and various entertainments have served in introducing to me the type of lad that has passed through this Station—a keen, enthusiastic, young fellow who quickly makes friends.

By the time this appears in print, I expect to be overseas or at least on my way there, and I will carry with me, firmly imprinted on my mind, happy memories of my stay at No. 4 I.T.S.

To the Commanding Officer, officers and airmen who have been so indulgent in the past, I extend my sincere thanks, and hope that their efforts will be rewarded with further successes for No. 4 I.T.S.

FRANK W. COFFEY.



With the posting of Frank Coffey overseas, Bill Connelly stepped in to look after the numerous needs and requests of the airmen. With a free and easy manner about him "Bill", as he is already known to the boys, has made numerous friends on the Station, and no matter what the request may be—"Bill can fill the Bill".



S/L C. D. MACKENZIE

cellent band. Your course of study is similar to ours and we know, that when you graduate to the R.C.A.F., your background in Air Cadet Training will send you a long way on the road to winning your deserved "wings".

We remember the Saturday morning when the Cadets formed a guard of honour for Anna Neagle. There were the days at Summer Camp which were very instructive and which went all too quickly. Welcoming the fliers from overseas, the Cadets were on parade, and also took part in the Victory Loan parade.

The Commanding Officer of No. 12 (Edmonton) Squadron, Air Cadets of

AIR CADETS

No. 12 (Edmonton) Squadron

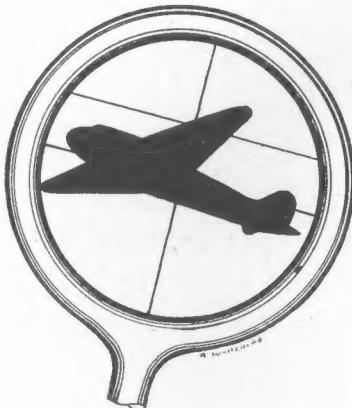
What No. 4 I.T.S. look upon our fledglings with due respect. You are the lads who, before very long, will be filling our shoes and cockpits of fast fighters over Europe. We have watched you on the parade square—had you with us on parade and have marched to the swing of your ex-



F/O W. F. EWERT

Canada, is Air Cadet Squadron Leader C. D. MacKenzie, the Administrative Officer is A/C F/L H. Kennedy, D.S.O., V.D. The Adjutant is A/C F/L C. Cormick; Medical Officer is A/C F/L Dr. C. G. Geggie, V.D., and the Equipment Officer is A/C F/O R. L. Robson. The officer commanding No. 1 Sub. Squadron is A/C F/O S. Taylor, and the O.C. of No. 2 Sub. Squadron is A/C F/O D. W. F. Richardson.

The R.C.A.F. is now responsible for the administration and training of Air Cadet Squadrons, and the Liaison Officer for Northern Alberta is F/O F. W. Ewert, who has his headquarters at No. 4 I.T.S.



No. 8 SQUADRON U.A.T.C.

NSeptember 174 university students lined up on the parade square for their training as potential airmen.

Since then, in the University Training Scheme their squadron has become the most efficient in Canada. Attached to No. 8 Squadron is the Mount Royal College in Calgary, which has a Flight of 41 men.

Staff personnel include: S/Ldr. R. M. Hardy, Officer Commanding; Dr. H. R. Thornton, and Professor F. M. Selter, Flight Commanders. F/O J. C. Allen is the Adjutant and W.O.2 Bremner is S.S.M., with F/Sgt. Erdman looking after the administration. The Rev. Dr. J. H. Garden has charge of the Flight in Calgary.

RADIO MECHANICS

RADIO Mechanics is a branch for the technical training of Radio Mechanics. They have been stationed at St. Joseph's College during the three courses. In charge of the first course was F/O Pyper, who was succeeded by P/O Lumley. F/L Key was in charge of the second course and was replaced by F/L Gosling before the completion of the third course. Professor Cullwick of the University of Alberta, was director of studies.

Radio Mechanics is a very highly technical branch of the service. The course is a long one, with frequent qualifying examinations. The various courses have responded very well to the exacting routine and the school's record will undoubtedly compare favorably with any in the Commonwealth Air Training Plan. The school has enjoyed the utmost co-operation from No. 4 I.T.S.

AUTOGRAPHS

PER ARDVA AD ASTRA

(Through Adversity to the Stars)

They have their wings washed bright by dawn,
Streaking to Eternity—
Where morning skies kiss back the rays that—
Knew their Yesterday.

They have their wings, and rush into
The setting sun:—
That welcomes back the morning and a Day—
That's just begun.

They have their wings, and seek the misty heights
Beyond the blue—
Where Glory finds a resting place, among—
The ones they knew.

—F/S J. A. Lynes.



LAC R. G. HERBERT
Art

LAC J. O. BLICK
Editor

F/SGT J. A. LYNES
Copy



Greetings of the Season

TO ALL

Royal Canadian Air Force Personnel, the Royal
Canadian Navy, the Army, our Allies, wherever
they might be, and a
Special Christmas Greeting to Our Boys Overseas.

We wish to extend our sincere appreciation to
all those who contributed cartoons, copy, and in
other ways assisted in the preparation of this
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